

VOLCANO WHERE AMERICAN MISSIONARY PERISHED



ASAMA-YAMA IN ERUPTION

OUR photograph shows the stifling smoke and scalding steam rising from the crater and the treacherous slopes of the Japanese volcano Asama-Yama, where an American missionary was killed recently and several others terribly injured by flying stones and fiery lava. More than thirty people were badly hurt. The neighborhood of the volcano is a favorite summer resort for missionaries on vacation leave. An ascent of the mountain has often been a part of the summer's program; but the deadly crater will probably be shunned for a good while to come.

CHICAGO FEET SMALL

Shoe Buyers Deny Charge of Retail Dealers' President.

Femininity of Windy City Has Smallest, Best Shaped Feet in Universe—South Presents the Near-est Rivals.

Chicago.—Chicago women's feet unduly large? It's a libel! Chicago femininity has the smallest, best shaped feet in the universe.

Shoe buyers for the big State street department stores the other day made indignant reply to the aspersions of A. E. Pitts, president of the Ohio Retail Shoe Dealers' Association, to the effect that Chicago dealers have admitted that they are obliged to order larger sizes to accommodate their trade than are called for in any other city. The charge was made at the association's convention in Cincinnati.

"The assertion is ridiculous and without foundation," declared Seymour Bamberger, shoe buyer for Mandels, when asked about the women's sizes used in Chicago. "I have been in the shoe business in New York, Washington, Baltimore and Columbus, and I can say that more narrow women's shoes are sold in Chicago in proportion to its size, than in any of the other cities where I have been in the shoe business."

"I was a shoe buyer for several years on Broadway in New York, and know that the women's sizes used there are practically the same, or a trifle larger than are used in Chicago. The only part of this country where women's feet average smaller is in the south, where the women are smaller. Below the Mason and Dixon line women's shoes are, as a rule, shorter, but broader than those sold in the north."

"In regard to Mr. Pitts' assertion that Chicago shoe dealers admitted that our women's feet were larger, I

don't think he could have talked to the shoe dealers who sell to the American women of Chicago."

Mr. E. L. Blackburn, assistant manager of the ladies' shoe department of Marshall Field's, was equally emphatic in denying the charge.

"There's nothing to it," said Mr. Blackburn. "It's all a joke. We have some of the smallest feet in Chicago of any in the world. In our department here we carry sizes 1 to 9 and sell few of either extreme. Southern women have shorter feet, but they are broader."

"They are no bigger here than anywhere," snorted Mr. Nelson, manager of the ladies' department of the Regal shoe store.

Mr. Nelson, assistant manager of Carson, Pirie, Scott's ladies' shoe department, was inclined to defend Chicago women from the slanderous attack at any cost.

"I can't see any reason why they should be larger," he said, "and I wouldn't admit it if they were."

Deer in a China Shop.

Springfield, Mass.—Running through Main street with a crowd of several hundred following, a frightened buck deer burst through a plate-glass window into a department store, where he caused havoc before he escaped by jumping out the window and scattering the crowd with his hoofs and antlers. A doe which had accompanied the buck across the Connecticut river sought refuge in a stable, but was kicked by a horse so severely that a game warden was compelled to shoot it.

Short Fall Kills Him.

San Francisco, Cal.—John Hays, a fireman, an expert in scaling ladder work, who had dropped from high buildings into a life net scores of times, fell off a fence three feet high and fractured his skull. He probably will die.

FAVORITE MASCOT IS DEAD

Billy, the Comedian of the Battleship Louisiana, Passes Away—Known to Crowned Heads.

Norfolk, Va.—Billy, the mascot of the battleship Louisiana, the comedian of the fleet, is dead. Billy made President Taft laugh heartily when he made a trip to Panama some time ago. The sailors loved Billy, and to his memory they have dedicated a space on their lockers and chests, on which appears this epithet:

"Gone, but not forgotten, born at Norfolk, Va., April 10, 1908; died at sea September 6, 1911. Billy was recruited and enlisted at Norfolk on April 28, 1909, and served his country faithfully for more than two years. He was one of the most renowned mascots in the history of the navy. He was well known to the rulers and crowned heads of Europe, had been admired by the president of the United States, the czar of Russia, the emperor of Germany."

"His shaggy coat had been encased by the fairest hands of the United States and Europe. Billy was a good shipmate and a sailor of the old school. He died after a short illness after an overindulgence of Portland cement and insulation tape. He was buried at sea September 6, 1911. Requiescat in peace."

Billy was a goat.

Odd Tricks of Lightning.

Vineland, N. J.—Lightning struck the home of Prof. J. B. Doty and set it on fire in five places, tore plaster from every room in the house, loosened the studding, turned a clock around and moved a lamp to where the clock had been, broke three mirrors and printed fern leaves on another, killed a cat and only stunned her kittens, killed one chicken and melted the chicken yard wire.

None of the family was touched, but burned streaks showed that the lightning ran within a few inches of where Professor Doty and two of his daughters stood. A bucket brigade, in which the women were the chief actors, saved the house with a loss of not more than \$500.

Written in Pencil

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I can't stand it any longer—I won't stand it!" was Nellie Page's decision as she sank wearily into a chair. "If I had dreamed that Bob was so wretchedly poor—I don't care, I will say it—I would never have married him, so there!"

There was no one to hear this passionate outburst of Bob Page's young wife, unless one counted Bob's homely bull dog Flinders who crouched on the dusty rug before the empty fireplace, his bulbous eyes fixed on the girl's flushed pretty face and his black lip curled in its habitual sneer of derision. Nellie had always thought Flinders' sarcastic expression was cute to a degree but tonight as she saw his steady gaze fixed on her, as if he suspected disloyalty to his master, she hated the curl of his lip above his row of little white teeth—she hated Flinders because he was Bob's dog.

It had been a miserable day, a day like a hundred others since she had married Bob Page. Bob had left hastily to catch his train into town and Nellie knew that he had scarcely tasted the wretched breakfast which was the best she could prepare after several months of experimenting in the kitchen.

Henry Borden had so provided that Nellie could have accomplishments of a showy sort, depending upon the beauty and charm of his daughter to consummate the sort of marriage that would lift her above all the petty details of economy and housework. Therefore Nellie Borden was a brilliant pianist and could sing prettily; could paint a little, embroider exquisitely, could make a concoction of creamed eggs in the chafing dish—and that was all.

Nellie didn't fall in love with a man who could immediately place her at the head of a retinue of servants who might relieve her of any responsibility in the home-making. Nellie fell in love with a struggling young lawyer and Bob Page was struggling, slipping, sliding, scrambling to keep a foothold on the running board of an overcrowded profession.

Nellie Page was slowly becoming that most unfortunate of women, a discontented wife, and Bob was being as slowly disillusioned of his dreams of love in a cottage.

Nellie reread a letter she had received from her mother that morning. In the epistle Mrs. Borden had said that she and her husband were about to take a little southern trip and if it were not for the fact that Bob needed his wife at home they would take Nellie with them. Nellie rebelled now because she could not go. She had nothing to wear.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet and tossed the letter into the waste basket. She looked at the clock and saw that it lacked two hours of Bob's homecoming. "I'll do it—it will frighten him well—and serve him right!"

For a half hour Nellie Page worked busily and at the end of that time she packed a suit case, dressed herself for a journey and sat down and scribbled a note to her husband. She wrote it in pencil on a scrap of paper and she managed to convey within a small space and in a few words all her discontent with their mode of life and her disappointment in him and she told him that she was going away.

She was vexed that she had to walk the quarter of a mile to the railroad station. One of her neighbors passing swiftly in a motor car, apparently did not see her and Nellie's discontent with life was deepened.

There were not many persons going into town on that train but the woman in the motor and another one who lived next door to the Page's suburban cottage were in the same coach and in the semi-darkness of the winter afternoon sat down in the seat behind Nellie without recognizing her. The train started and the voices of the women in the rear were lifted with unconscious clearness so that Nellie Page heard every word that was said.

"Jack says he will put the case in the hands of Mr. Page—he thinks Bob Page is a clever lawyer and bound to get to the front."

"If he isn't too heavily handicapped!" was the other woman's startling remark.

"Handicapped? Oh, you mean his wife."

"Yes—I long to shake her, sometimes. I wonder how a sensible, ambitious young man such as Bob Page was, ever fastened himself to such a ball-and-chain affair as his wife has turned out to be. She's a pretty girl, too, in a way."

"Discontented looking. She ought to be thankful to have gotten such a clean, whole-souled husband as Bob Page. He's one in a thousand."

"Looks awfully seedy and down nowadays."

"What man wouldn't when he has to help with the housework every

night. Did you hear that she made a soup out of smoked beef—the shaved sort, you know?"

"Somebody told me—wasn't it absurd? I wonder who ate it?" They both laughed.

"She gave it to her laundress, and the woman told our Nora."

"What right has a woman to get married if she doesn't know how to take care of a house and make her husband comfortable?"

"No more right than a man has to marry when he can't support a wife. But Bob Page is certainly holding up his end."

"She doesn't play fair in the matrimonial game," was the other woman's comment. "I suppose she would be thunderstruck to think that he was disillusioned—I'll wager you he's sick and tired of married life already."

"It will end in divorce," declared the first speaker decidedly, as they arose and went toward the door for just then the train came to a standstill in the big station.

Stunned by the realization of her own position in the matter, as revealed by the thoughtless chatter of her neighbors, Nellie Page walked out of the train and into another one that was due to leave in five minutes. One thought whirled around giddily in her mind. She must hurry home and destroy that dreadful note she had written to her husband. She must never let him realize what a selfish, unreasonable woman he had married. What, she asked herself, over and over again as the train sped toward home, what had she contributed toward the happiness of their home?

Suppose anything happened to Bob before she had a chance to tell him that now she knew what was wrong she would work hard to make it right—she would take cooking lessons—she would study the housekeeping magazines.

The more she pondered the greater was her wonder that Bob had ever married her; she marveled that he had been so patient. Suppose, after all his love for her was dead—that he was, as the women on the train had suggested, disillusioned. What would her life be without Bob's love and devotion?

Thoroughly frightened and remorseful and hating herself for her blindness Nellie Page fairly ran down the street toward home. Her heart almost stopped beating when she saw a light in the sitting-room window. Bob must be home. He had taken an earlier train and by this time he had found her note and read it and—Nellie did not dare think of the look he would give her.

The front door was unlocked and she slipped noiselessly in and dropped her tell-tale bag in the hall closet. Then she stood unnoticed in the doorway and looked at her husband with questioning scared eyes.

Bob was playing with Flinders who frisked heavily around his master, barking sharply as Bob waved a crumpled scrap of paper to and fro over the dog's head.

It was the note. He had read it. Nellie leaned against the door, a sudden faintness assailing her. Bob must have cared little for her if he could give her note to the dog for a plaything.

All at once Flinders saw her, her body stiffened and he stood rigidly watching her, his head poised on one side, the little black sneer curling his lip.

"Woof!" said Flinders and tore across the floor to meet her as he used to do in the days before she rebuffed him.

"What is it?" and Bob turned quickly, to see his wife staring dumbly at him. "What is the matter, sweetheart?" he asked, gaining her side.

"The note, did you read it, Bob?" she gasped, pointing to the scrap of paper he held and which was now nicked around the edges by the playful teeth of Flinders.

"Was it a note?" asked Bob, surprised. "Why, no. When I got home I found Flinders chewing this scrap of paper into a ball and we've been playing with it." He smoothed it out a little and then shook his head over the half obliterated characters. "It was written in pencil and I guess Flinders has chewed all the sense out of it," he declared, tossing the paper into the waste basket.

Nellie was down on the floor her arms around Flinders whom she was hugging. She turned a rosy face up to her husband. "Oh, Bobby, dear, if ever you're tempted to write a perfectly silly, unjust note to anybody—just write it in pencil and leave it around for Flinders to destroy!"

Then Nellie Page crept into her husband's loving arms and told him the whole story.

"Because it will take both of us to play the matrimonial game—and play it fairly," she said, in the light of her new understanding.

KING AFTER TIGERS

500 Elephants to Be Used When George V. Visits India.

No Other Jungles in Asia Are as Extensive as Those of Southern Foothills and Marshy Tarai of Himalaya Mountains.

Poona, British India.—Already the announcement is made that the maharajah of Nepal is to use 500 elephants for the King of England's tiger hunt in his highness' dominions next December.

While King George is in Nepal Queen Mary will be sight-seeing in Rajpootana. When the king and queen visited India six years ago as Prince and Princess of Wales the maharajah invited his royal highness to Nepal and made vast preparation to provide a royal hunt in his jungle preserves, but the plan was upset by a virulent outbreak of cholera in the region

where the hunt was to be. The disappointment was keen to the English prince, but not less so to the maharajah.

Next December the same royal personage will come to India in the exalted rank of king-emperor and his entertainment will be on a corresponding scale of grandeur.

No other jungles in Asia are as extensive as those of the southern foothills and marshy tarai of the central and eastern Himalaya mountains. They swarm with wild beasts, which seldom are disturbed, because foreign sportsmen are excluded, except when they come at his highness' invitation. The shooting done by the maharajah and his nobles is not enough to make an impression on the game, which includes wild elephants and rhinoceroses, with many species of tigers, bears, leopards, deer and pigs.

In preparation for the king's visit a tract of this jungle, perhaps fifteen miles long and half as broad, will be

selected, and all the beasts in a much wider area will be slowly and patiently driven into it by men mounted on elephants, making just noise enough to induce the game to move on without alarm.

By this means, in the course of weeks, twenty or thirty tigers, with other beasts in proportion, will be gathered into the selected area, which then will be surrounded by a ring of watchmen, with the addition of fires by night. The space being so large and well supplied with the tigers' natural prey, the beasts will not seek to escape, nor even to approach the circle of watchmen's huts and fires. This state of things will be kept up until the time for the great hunt arrives.

The shooting will be done from the backs of elephants. These stately pachyderms move through tangled brushwood and shrubbery as an ox walks through grass. Only a person who has seen them can credit the quickness with which they obey any word or sign of the driver seated on their neck, and he has to be on the alert to guide his beast so that the overhanging branches of trees will not sweep the sportsman to the ground.